

THE
SHIPWRECK.

A
COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY
SAMUEL JAMES ARNOLD.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY DR. ARNOLD. *u*

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
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1797-



James J. Harrison

DEARLY LAMB

My dear Lamb,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines
will find you the same. I have not much news to write at
present. I am still in the city and am engaged in some
business. I have not time to write more at present.
I will write again when I have more news to write.
I am, my dear Lamb, very truly,
Your affectionate friend,
James J. Harrison

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

SELWYN,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dignum.
HARRY HAWSER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister, Jr.
MICHAEL GOTO,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dowton.
SHARK,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Caulfield.
STAVE,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Suett.
DICK,	-	-	-	-	Master Welsh.
PLUNDERER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.

Women.

ANGELICA GOTO,	-	-	-	-	Miss Leak.
FANNY,	-	-	-	-	Miss De Camp.
SALLY SHAMROCK,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Bland.

Hovellers, Sailors, &c.



THE SHIPWRECK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

a Coast. A Storm at Sea. A number of Plunderers laying about the rocks, and watching.

CHORUS.

STURDILY *the tempest howling,*

Calls us forth to watch our prey,

Thus upon the rocks we lay,

Thro' the storm so cautious prowling.

by the lightning's glare, while thunders roar,

aming surges break, that lash the shore;

There we steal with cautious care,

And the booty freely share,

round our heads the storm does blow,

Shipwreck'd sailors to the bottom go.

ing the chorus a ship appears tossing on the sea, and wreck'd—the plunderers, smugglers, &c. then leave rocks, and croud down to the shore, watching the waves, and taking up goods, &c. that are supposed to be run ashore from the wreck.]

Enter SHARK.

Shark. Cheerly, boys, cheerly! what sport, ah

Plun. A wreck! a wreck!

Shark. Good sport by the storm—look out there make a good stowage of the booty in the hollow rock

Plun. Yonder up the shore, by the light of the lightning, I see some sailors land.

Shark. Speed then, and secure their goods, or the come and seize our property.

Enter MICHAEL GOTO.

Goto. The storm whistles bravely, and the angry elements seem to contend which shall be most mischievous to mankind.

Enter ANGELICA.

Angelica. Yonder is a good ship gone to wreck. Poor helpless souls! Oh, father, I'm glad I've found you do go, and assist the sailors; our cottage, hard by upon the heath, will afford shelter to some of them, and for rest we can direct to the village.

Goto. Get home, child; don't stand shaking here with the cold; 'tis a bitter night: get home to bed. Angelica; what do you tremble for?

Angelica. Not for myself, father, but for the sufferings of the poor shipwreck'd sailors!

Goto. Get home, I say, pale-face, and leave us to our midnight occupations; the wind is chilling, you will catch cold.

Angelica. And won't the poor sailors catch cold too? now, help them: think on their sufferings—come, now you will.

oto. I dare not: should I once let pity enter my breast, I'm undone: 'tis a childish weakness; I will listen to you—go home, I say, go home.

[*Exit among the rocks.*]

Angelica. 'Tis all in vain. This horrid occupation that my father follows, has steeled his heart to pity. I have heard him sometimes say, as he wiped a big tear from his eye, that he had once seen better days. Poor soul! his own misfortunes have been so great, that those of others do not affect him. I'll tarry hereabouts, however, and see if I can't give assistance to some of the unfortunate mariners. Sure no harm will happen to me—my intention is a good one, and Heaven will never allow Benevolence to suffer for exercising the duty of Humanity.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter SHARK and Men.

Shark. All hands here, my boys—here's a trunk that's piteously heavy.—Yeo, yeo—let's home with it to the heath—yeo, yeo, yeo!

[*Exeunt, bearing the trunk.*]

Re-enter ANGELICA.

Angelica. Poor wretches! I fear they're all gone to the bottom; I can't see a single soul. I have picked up a box of curious workmanship: as the lightning glared, it caught my eye upon the sand. Perhaps it may be

something of value washed ashore from the wreck
 Heigho! who knows but in this wreck my Selwyn may
 be lost, and my poor brother too! Well, I won't think
 on't: if I do, I'm sure my heart will break.

SONG.

*Hope, thou balm and source of pleasure,
 Fly to calm this tortur'd soul;
 Where, ah, where's my long lost treasure?
 Sooth my woes, my griefs controul!*

*Here I wander, torn and tortur'd,
 Life itself has lost its charm;
 Agonizing thoughts are nurtur'd—
 Doubts assail, and fears alarm.*

*Cheerless I sigh and languish,
 Alone you can calm my anguish,
 Dear Selwyn, adieu!—*

*Oh heaven assuage my torment,
 Too fierce, too great to bear—
 Dear Selwyn, adieu!
 He's dead, his knell I hear.
 My soul's o'ercharg'd with woe—
 I go—dear youth, I go.—*

SCENE II.

*Side of Goto's Cottage Enter SHARK and GOTO,
the Men with Trunks, &c.*

Goto. Lock the door! Are all here friends?

Shark. All, all.

Goto. Open the trap, then, and bestow the goods in
the cellar,

*They open a trap, and throw the goods down; while
they are employed, a loud knock is heard without.]*

Goto. Ha! who can that be? Shark, answer the door
—ware whom you let enter,

Shark. Let 'em wait. I shall not hurry, trust me:
'tis enough I toil all night for myself. I shall not dance
on the heels of others. *[Knocking.]*

Goto. Look to the door, I pray you, while I go in,
and see that all is safe.

Shark. Let 'em knock, 'tis exercise; and if the air
'twill hinder them from freezing.

Goto. How, now, sirrah! why thus surly? We shall
be discovered,

Shark. I'm out of humour: the great chest was
—'tis enough to sour the sweetest temper, after
being and watching thus, to be bauked of our booty
—all your fault; I would have tarried longer on
—more—you have your reasons, no doubt.

Goto. Dog! Do you dare suspect me?

Shark. Keep your temper as I do: don't provoke

me. If I am a dog, take care I don't bite—ruffle
and I snap at you, as sure as my name is Shark.

[Knocking.]

Goto. Be peaceable, I pray you! Answer
door, good gentle Shark, while I go in and look
all is safe.

[Enter]

Shark. Well, I will: you're an honest fellow at
tom.---As damn'd a rogue as ever drew breath. [Exit]
—Knocking.]

SCENE III.

*Outside of the Cottage; still night. FANNY as a Sea
boy, and DICK. DICK knocks. The back Scene a
Heath.*

Dick. Why, sure, they a'nt a-bed still?—I saw
light, I'll swear.

Fanny. They're coming, I dare say. Thanks be
Providence, who has kindly ta'en us in tow, we
got so far safe with our lives! I'm within half a league
of my native village.

Dick. Half a league! why zounds, ye might as
be within half a hundred leagues as attempt to go
far to-night:—you sha'nt stir a peg farther; you
tumble into my hammock here, and egad we'll lie
snug as a couple of cockroaches.—Ohoy there! Who
will nobody answer? [Knocking] I fear father's not
home. I'll lay a good cargo of provisions into my
cruit locker when I do get in.

ruffle manny. I am sadly fatigued.
 ank. Dick. Nay, never heed it now: 'twas a foul tem-
 Knock sure enough.
 answer manny. Aye, marry was't.—Heaven knows how
 look t of our friends and messmates are gone to the
 [E om!
 ow at b ck. Don't let's talk of it now, it makes one so
 th. [E ay melancholy. [Kocks] I think we have made
 enough to raise the dead—

Enter SHARK at window.

ark. Aye, ye have:—who is it knocking at this
 of the morning?

DUET.

DICK and FANNY.

*Prythee ope your cottage door,
 'Twas never shut so long before;
 Whoever ask'd, was wont to find
 Reception, and a welcome kind.*

SHARK.

Who is it knocks at this late hour?

DICK.

Prythee ope your cottage door, &c.

Enter SHARK.

SHARK.

*Begone, I'm crusty grown of late,
 I cannot heed your idle prate.*

Enter MICHAEL GOTO.

SHARK.

*Begone, nor make this horrid noise,
You little idle sailor boys.*

DICK to MICHAEL.

Your blessing, dearest father, give.

SHARK.

Let 'em trudge, they want to thieve.

QUARTETTO.

*Hark! the distant village bell,
Counts past the midnight hour,
Still the cold damp vapours low'r,
O'er the shadowy heath and dell.
Still the birds are in the nest,
Hark, I hear the screeching owl!
Now while beasts the desert prowl,
In to bed—to sleep—to rest.*

[Exit

SCENE IV.

A View of the Beach. Enter SEIWYN. Dawn.

Sel. The morning dawns, and from the wre
have redeemed just so much of my property as will
able me to anchor for life in comfort with Ange
Thus far indeed Fortune has been propitious,

ght me back alive to my native place. I will use opportunity that presents itself, as an occasion to the truth of Angelica's affection. I always thought loved me for myself alone; we shall now see if my ended poverty will diminish her affection.

SONG.---SELWYN.

*O'er the ocean when sailors are roaming,
In search of some far distant shore;
Though billows around them are foaming,
Though cannons and loud tempests roar;
Yet they fear from no enemy dangers,
Nor heed the rude blasts of the wind;
Alike to all fears they are strangers,
Save fear for their loves left behind.*

Enter HARRY HAWSER.

Harry. What, ho! Master Selwyn, which way's the

Still in a wrong quarter—Have you found no-
[Exit] from the wreck?

Harry. Nothing but a few splinters, a piece of the
mast, and a broken yard-arm.

Then I'm ruin'd, that's all.

Harry. No, that's not all, for I am ruined too. But
it's the use of repining—I'll bustle to the village—
my Fanny—hie to the first sea-port—put to sea
on, and try if that will mend the matter.

Do not be in too great a hurry: Fortune may

still befriend us, and while I have a guinea in the world, my honest Harry Hawser shall never want half of it.

Harry. Thank ye, Master Selwyn ! if so be I do do as much for you, 'tis not 'cause I woud'nt do so but 'cause I have'nt got a guinea in the world to barter with you. I'm now going in a hurry to the village to look after Fanny. The road lays over the heath where your Angelica lives—Will ye go? I shall go and ask old Michael Goto how he does.

Sel. I shall not go yet ; I wish to tarry here on a look-out.

Harry. Then my service to you. If that's your termination, I shall know where to find you. My thoughts of seeing Fanny puts me in spirits—else I should be sure, I've had a rare run of ill luck : but I dare say I shall have better fortune one time or other—in my mind—a sailor should never be down-hearted.

[Exit Harry.]

Enter SALLY SHAMROCK, an Irish girl, with a basket of various articles on her arm.

Sally. Oh, Sir, Sir ! I've just heard that a great ship was drove ashore last night, and that half the crew have sav'd their lives by not being drowned. Oh, what you're gone, are you? Heigho ! I wonder in the name of fortune, whether that old Cable, the boatswain, is drowned aboard this ship or no. I know very well he was courting me these six days before he went last to sea. Oh, dear me, what a

of a snug little thing it is for an Irish girl to be in
—but how such a poor rough and rent as old Cable
came to fall in love, I don't know. I suppose
great bears tumble in love much after the same
on. Oh well! I'm resolved to be married, that's
in, as soon as I can get any body to have me;
that's the case with a good many young women,
they won't be honest enough to confess it.

Enter STAVE, a Parish Clerk, admiring himself.

Stave. Beauty is a naughty flower, and pleasant in
the hour.

Sally. Please to buy any of my wares, Sir?

Stave. Ha! wares! pretty wares!—What is thy
name?

Sally. Sally Shamrock, your Honour—otherwise,
Saunders.

Stave. Who gave thee that name?

Sally. Old Cable, the boatswain, and the sailor
Sir.

Stave. Pray, did they stand godfathers to you?

Sally. Oh, no, Sir! that's an old nickname of mine.

Stave. So! Old Nick stood godfather to you?

Sally. No, no, your Honour—but please to buy any
my wares?

Stave. Amen! oh dear!—you dear, what are thy
wares like?

Sally. Here's all sorts of things, your Honour.

BALLAD.

SALLY SHAMROCK.

*Come buy poor Sally's wooden ware,
 Who all for money barter
 My pins, my toys, and shoe-knots rare,
 My bodkins, lace, and garters;
 Full cheap my various goods I sell,
 Tho' village, street, and alley;
 In London, where I'm known full well,
 They call me little Sally.*

*Now thus from town to town I stray,
 Light-hearted—free from sorrow,
 And when I eat my meal to-day,
 I care not for to-morrow:
 So ne'er again I'll London see,
 But range each bill and valley;
 Come, buy a trifle, Sir, of me,
 And think of little Sally.*

Starve. Bless us—bless us—I'm smitten; [*takes hand*]. Dear me, dear me, I'll buy all your ware. Now do I begin to think that I have liv'd Clerk Bellman, *et cetera*, in this place here, in a Christian land, six-and-twenty years, like a Pagan,—never having once thought of taking unto me a mate, since the death of my third wife, nine months ago.—Oh I long once more to say, “I, M, do take thee N. to

wedded wife.—Amen!"—Fair damsel, lovely dam-
 little damsel, what religion art thou of?

Sally. I'm the same religion, look'ye, Sir, as my fa-
 was before me.

Stave. And pray of what religion was he?

Sally. The same as his mother, Sir.

Stave. And she was a ———

Sally. —A woman, Sir.

Stave. —Yes, I suppose so—but of what religion?

Sally. Really, your Honour, I don't know.

Stave. Ha! come along with me, and I will improve
 religion. What is that in thy hand?

Sally. An Irish song, Sir,

Stave. Give it unto me. Let us sing—Three verses
 , to the praise of the Land of Potatoes.—

DUETT.—STAVE and SALLY.

SALLY.

In dear little Ireland liv'd a sweet creature,
 And she, as they say, was the dar'ling of nature;
 A dozen young men came and courted her daily,
 She scoff'd at them all, and thus laugh'd at them gaily,
 Ha! ha! silly men you shall never catch me,
 I'll still be a maid, and I still shall be free."

STAVE.

Just then a gay youth, who was handsome and clever,
 Determin'd the sex he'd abandon for ever;

*Says he—they are all of them fickle, false hearted—
I've trusted them oft, and as oft have I smarted.*

*"No, no, silly maids you shall never catch me,
You still shall be single, and I shall be free."*

SALLY.

*At last, as it happen'd, this maid and youth meeting,
The one began blushing, the other intreating.*

STAVE.

*The Clerk cried amen, when the Parson had bless'd them,
And Cupid look'd down, and thus archbly address'd them.*

BOTH.

*"Ha! ha! silly folks, you're at last caught by me,
Now you're once in my toils, you shall never be free."*

[E

SCENE V.

MICHAEL GOTO's Cottage.

Enter ANGELICA and DICK.

Angelica. And so! brother Dick—Oh! I'm so happy to see you safe! come, tell me all about it. Where's Selwyn, and where are all your shipmates? Are they all safe?

Dick. One of my shipmates I have brought with me, the rest have staid to see if the sea would be so civil to throw any of the goods on shore. As to Selwyn, your sweetheart—(but that's between ourselves, sister Angelica)—he's drown'd, I take it.

[Laughing archbly aside]

Angelica. Drown'd! Oh heavens!—what do I hear!
 Send me your arm. [Near fainting.

Enter HARRY, who supports her.

Harry. Shiver my timbers, Angelica! what, falling
 w water-mark!—why, I doubt your's are French
 ts, they're so given to *flying*!—Why, what's the
 er?—Heigho! a breeze—it springs apace—How's
 wind now?

Angelica. Oh heavens! but is he really drowned?

Harry. Drowned! who?

Angelica. Selwyn.

Dick. No, no. I did but jest, sister. Indeed I beg
 on,

Harry. I left him down by the beach some few mi-
 s since, alive and well. He wasn't drowned at
 time.—But how came this squall to upset ye?

Angelica. Dick told me he was lost in the ship.

Harry. Did he? hark ye, Dick—take a bit of advice
 n one who has seen a good deal of the world, and
 t forget it; my little fellow, as you grow up—
 er trifle with the feelings of a woman, nor act so
 anly a part as to become a Persecutor, where Na-
 meant you should be a Protector.

Enter FANNY.

my little messmate! how dost, boy?—Here, An-
 ca, is as honest a lad as ever lived—I love him as
 ough he was my own brother. The young dog saved
 life about a month ago, by jumping overboard

to hold up my chin when I was cramped with swimming.—Well, but I say, Angelica, what news of Fanny my sweetheart?

Angelica. Very bad.

Fanny. Now for it—I shall hear news of myself.

Harry. Why, she hasn't been ill, has she?

Angelica. No—worse than that.

Harry. What? surely she ha'n't turn'd tail?—ha'n't put to sea under false colours, has she?

Angelica. Indeed but she has though. She's got nobody knows whither—she was a sad wild girl; I think no good has come of her.

Fanny. That's good natur'd—true woman though.

Harry. Zounds! what, has Fanny been false-hearted in addition to all my other misfortunes?

Angelica. But what's become of Selwyn, will he be here soon?

Harry. Tol de rol de dol, &c. [*Singing in melancholy*]

Angelica. Why, Harry, you're very merry.

Harry. Merry, am I? Oh yes! so I am.

Fanny. Nay, I think you're very sorrowful.

Harry. Sorrowful! Oh, ah—so I am—but I'll be sorrowful no more—she's a———pray, when did she go?

Angelica. At the same time you left the village to go to sea last.

Harry. Very well—very well. Now I'll be merry. Come, let's sing——

Angelica. No, tell us of your voyage—tell us of your wreck, and by what good fortune you were all saved.

with sw
ws of F
Larry. Aye so I will. In the first place, you see,
ent off with—pray who did Fanny go off with?
Angelica. Who?

Larry. Who! why, Fanny.
Fanny. This Fanny seems to run strangely in your
d. I dare say she don't think half so much of you.
Larry. Good, my boy, that idea silences me. I've
with her, she's out of my head and heart for ever.
Fanny. [*Aside.*] I hope not.

Larry. Well, then, you must know, we set sail in
Fanny.

ll. The FANNY!—

Larry. 'Pshaw! the VALIANT I mean, with a brisk
d, accompanied by—pray, who was Fanny ac-
panied by?

Angelica. Fanny again!

Larry. Oh! I only asked that as a matter for infor-
tion. Well, I hope she'll have a good voyage, and
somebody or other in tow, that will love her as
as I have done. Shiver my timbers, but I ship-
two or three seas this morning in my ducking, and
my eye-pumps are at work, to clear the hold of
salt water.

Angelica. Come, Dick, do you tell us of your voy-

Dick. Listen, then—

SONG.

On board the Valiant we set sail,

“The streamer waving in the wind,”

*The sails distended by the gale,
Seem'd to forget the shores behind.
The sailor to the topmast flies,
To wave his handkerchief in air ;
And on the tow'ring cliff descries
His own true Polly weeping there ;
And bears her sigh, adieu !*

*Now fresher blew the Sou' West gale,
In peace no more the billows sleep,
The storm that rent the swelling sail
Loud murmur'd o'er the sullen deep.
No more the sailor sees the land,
Yet waves his handkerchief in air,
In vain he seeks the well known strand,
To find his own true Polly there ;
And hear her sigh, adieu !*

*The storm, grown louder, split the mast ;
The hurricane more fiercely blows,
And as against the rocks we cast,
Our vessel to the bottom goes.
The sailor to the topmast flies,
To wave his handkerchief in air ;
And on the tow'ring cliff descries
To find his own true Polly there,
and here her sigh, adieu !*

Enter SHARK.

Shark. 'Sdeath!—that fellow here—suspicion is bad. How fares it—my heart is glad to see you, dost, boy?

Larry. Well and merry—merry, I say, positively boy.—Ha! ha! ha!—don't I look merry?

Shark. Troth, I think not quite.

Larry. I must return to the shore. If I was to meet any, I wouldn't speak to her—no, I renounce her her name for ever—and now, I'll fall in love with the first girl I meet.

Larry. Ah, so do—fall in love with her, whether you like her or not. I'd have you marry her out of hand.

Enter STAVE.

Stave. And I'll cry amen to the wedding.

Shark. Well, Sir, and pray what's your business?

Stave. Thou knowest well enough my business, Sir Clerk of the Parish, Sexton, &c.—and this it is, this is it—I do want the keys of the belfrey, which thou knowest I left yesterday in thy keeping, that I may ring for joy on this sad occasion—because all souls have not perished, and to alarm the natives of this village, to go down into the sea, and save the remnant of the property.

Shark. Cease your prate, and wait here till I return.

Stave. Amen!—

Shark. Amen! why, the devil take me—

Stave. So be it.

Shark. When I return, I'll mend thy manner
Master Clerk.

Stave. And if thou darest to lay on me thy little
finger—I'll sue thee in the Ecclesiastical Court, as
reliably as my name is Stave. [Exit Stave]

FINALE.—SESTETTO.

STAVE.

*Fetch the keys, good Master Shark,
That I may go and ring the bell.*

SHARK.

*I hope you'll break your neck in the dark,
All the better.* [E]

STAVE.

————— *Very well.*
*I'll go ring the sailor's knell :—
Ding, dong, bome bell.*

ALL.

*We'll all go ring the sailor's knell,
Ding, dong, bome bell,*

ANGELICA and FANNY.

*Soon may we our sweethearts see,
Sweet is joy when lovers meet :
Pleasure shall each day prolong,
Each evening ending with a song.*

HARRY.

*We will all right merry be,
Laugh and sing the whole day long :*

*Those who are not look at me,
Let them imitate my song.*

STAVE.

*Like a parish ditty 'tis,
Sung in such a solemn way,
With a dismal, formal pbiz,
'Stead of looking blythe and gay.*

Re enter SHARK.

SHARK.

Take the keys and get you gone.

STAVE.

——Sir, I thank you for your care.

SHARK.

Away, away,—ye lazy drone.

STAVE.

I'm a drone and you're a bear.

TRIO.

ANGELICA, FANNY, and DICK.

*No more may frightful billows roll,
To daunt the sailor's daring soul.*

GLEE.

*Hush winds and billows upon the mast top,
When the wind blows the sailor must stop.
When the chord breaks, the topmast will fall,
Down tumbles sailor, and topmast, and all.*

ALL.

*But we care not for wind or for weather;
For we all will be merry together:
And let the wide world wag just as it will,
We'll laugh, and we'll sing, and we'll merry
still.*

Exe

ACT II. SCENE I.

Inside of MICHAEL GOTO's Cottage.

Enter GOTO and SHARK.

Goto.

SHARK, I suspect these sailors who have been here
the property about them—I wish I could be certain
—however, we must be cautious, lest they are in-
tended to pry—I shall dispatch my son to the village and
him tarry there. We must be stirring early to-night,
bring home whatever's lodged in the hollows of
cliffs; remember, if any of the sailors knock, do
let them enter: if they insist on't, I shall make
m pay for't.

Shark. I fear your tender-hearted daughter, Angelica,
betray us.

Goto. She dare not—however, as to this night's
ty, we will keep her in the dark.

Shark. If so, I'd better lock her up in the cellar,
there's no other way of keeping a woman in the dark.

Goto. No need of that—I shall caution her in re-
spect to what she knows already. 'Shark, be secret.
I have heard of booty that will cross the heath to-
night—shall we adventure?'

Shark. No, no.

Goto. Why not? Does conscience make a stir within
you? You that have never felt a single pang, to spoil

‘ poor sailors of their little all, and have lived on
 ‘ plunder of poverty for thirteen years past—is whisp
 ‘ ing conscience listened to at last? Is not our nece
 ‘ ty a plea sufficient? Perhaps ’tis your compassion
 ‘ *Shark.* Conscience! and compassion! now you
 ‘ hit it. I never felt compassion in my life, till I b
 ‘ my leg; nor conscience, till I was once going to
 ‘ hanged. But to speak plainly, our present bus
 ‘ stands in small fear of the law; I like it ’cause th
 ‘ little danger in it.

Goto. ‘ So, so, ’tis cowardice—no matter—we’ll t
 ‘ no more on’t; but *I* have no compunctions; your
 ‘ rogues should be made to pay, rather than poor ro
 ‘ be allowed to perish.’ Hist! here is my daughter

Shark. I shall look to the men, and prepare
 for the expedition of to-night. [

Enter ANGELICA and DICK.

Goto. Come hither, boy. I do not chuse that
 should tarry here; go to the village, and seek out
 crew, and stay with them.

Dick. No, I’ll stay here, father—I like my own
 best, and am, moreover, nearer the shore, to look
 for goods.

Goto. Sirrah, I bid you go—Stay, boy—come b
 Why do I chide him? The rubs that I have met
 in the world have galled me so, that I’m perpet
 in torment—soured with mankind in general, I
 e’en unnatural to my own offspring. Angelica,
 child, come here. What is it makes you look so

Angelica. 'Tis that I am not happy, father.

Goto. And why not happy, child?

Angelica. Indeed I should be happy, father, if I could love you so; but you are grown of late so cross and serious, I sometimes think that you will break my heart when you rebuke me.

Goto. If I am rough, I cannot help it—'tis not my nature to be so; but I have drank of that cup in life that may have sour'd me. I once was one of Fortune's favourites, on whom the world would smile, to whom Flattery would cringe and bow; since that, Misfortune has persecuted me, Want has been my inmate and companion, even Hope, the universal flatterer, flatters me no more. What wonder then, if thus driven from the world, I am driven to desperation and to plunging—Death, I shall play the traitor to myself, and blab my own iniquities; you need not wonder, child, that these rubs have worn me, that all this frequent harrowing has made me rough.

Dick. Do not mind, father; all will yet be well.

Goto. Angelica, my child, do not weep, give me your hand. [*Takes the hand of each.*] Thus propped by innocence, methinks that I could brave again the buffetings of the world, and smile against the frowns of all mankind; but the barrier of honour once o'erleapt, how can we return? Away, reflection!—it unprofitable to me. I shall forget that I am doom'd to hate mankind, and live in warfare with my species. Come, my children, come—

[*Exeunt Goto and Dick.*]

Angelica. My poor father! would his mind were more

at ease! I should then be content in whatever state the caprice of fortune might place me.

SONG.—ANGELICA.

*With a heart light and gay, in a cottage of thatch,
Let me live with Content for my guest;
Where the canker of Care never rusted the latch,
And where Grief shall be strange to my breast.*

*There joy'll be repeated, yet never shall cloy,
While the object is peace to the mind,
And the rapid succession of uniform joy
Shall leave no discomfort behind.*

*There the hours all shall fly, like the blossoms of Spring,
With the promise fresh beauties to prove,
Ev'ry season revolving its pleasure shall bring,
And the harvest of joy shall be Love.*

SCENE II.

An Inn on the road side. Enter STAVE.

Stave. Oh dear! Oh dear! Where can this Shamrock, alias Sall Saunders, have hid herself? I am smitten with that girl—yea, mightily smitten—dear!—mercy upon us! an inn! bless us, I wax wonderful thirsty. [*Reads*] “Licensed to sell Spirituous Liquors.”—Oh dear, what would I give just now for a comfortable cordial, if it was't for the sin of drinking. Well, but I stand in need of it, so where's

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Spirit
st now
sin of
where's

m—I will have one drop. Nobody 'll know me—
then---good lack, good lack---Spirituous liquors---
rd, I wish they were called *spiritual* liquors!--Oh,
very ill—I've a violent cholic—Oh dear me, dear
! [Exit to the Inn, shamming.

Enter HARRY and FANNY.

Harry. Yeoho there, my boy! Give me some more
g.

Fanny. Your brains are full enough already; let
proceed.

Harry. My brains are full enough—full of wit—full
good things, like a Christmas pudding. Give me
re grog—I want to drink.

Fanny. Pho! you can have no thirst now. Why
uld you drink more?

Harry. To drown care and keep me from thinking.
mn it, I tell thee I have'nt half done. Oh, that
fidious Fanny!--but it's very well.—If she had
oved constant, now I'm reduced to poverty again, I
uld'nt have married her, and so I must needs drink.

Talk of that, when I was a Cobler, I used to drink
Lord, how I used to drink and sing! When I was
Carpenter, how I used to drink—Lord, how I used
drink and saw! When I was a Sergeant, how I
ed to drink—Lord! how I used to drink and swear!
n, me, poor Harry Hawser! thou hast seen many a
ange of fortune---thou hast weathered many a storm,
d hast been sometimes up aloft, and sometimes down
low---in the hold---quite in the hold---among the
ckroaches of the world.

Fanny. Yes, and there you are at present, with any thoughts of climbing up again.

Harry. There I stick,---I stick by poverty, and poverty sticks by me, and that with all its accustomed constancy. But I laugh and dance with the merriest so Fortune be damned.---Let them have it that I'll none o'nt.

SONG.---HARRY HAWSER.

*In the course of my life I have seen many nations,
I've seen many states, and have fill'd many stations
The valet by turns with the master I've been,
And in each various state various fortune have seen
With the high and the low, thus by turns we go,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk and a bob---*

[Spoken.] But I'd always a great inclination to be a
master, so I sung,

"Britons never will be slaves,"

*A soldier I serv'd in two fearful campaigns, Sir,
And felt all the courage a soldier ne'er feigns, Sir:
Then parade it, and strut in the sprightly cockade,
Which all the world knows oft a Captain has made;
From sloven to fop, then by turns we hop,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk and a bob---*

[Spoken.] But I did'nt like a soldier's life, so I went
to sing,

"Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

*A sailor I've been, and have plough'd the salt sea,
And of all sort of lives, still a sailor's for me, Sir;*

nt, with
y, and
accustom
he merr
t that
ll shun the great, and their curs'd civil racket,
And change ev'ry suit for a sailor's blue jacket;
On the high and the low, still the wind may blow,
With a hob and a nob, and a jirk and a bob---
[Spoken.] So now I care for nothing, but dance
upon deck, and sing,

“ Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us
God save the King.”

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the Inn. Enter SALLY.

Sally. Blessed St. Patrick, what will become of me !
There's that tall thin gentleman of a Parish Clerk. I
ould'nt have him find me here for all the world. He'd
nk I came to drink, I dare say, and I'm sure I'm
sober as need be, and have'nt been tipsy, no not once
se ten days past. Here's a closet, I'll go in and
e myself, and then being out of sight, perhaps he'll
be able to see me. [Exit to closet.]

Enter STAVE, with a bottle, drinking.

Stave. This brandy is cheering, yea it cheers me
ightly—it gives me spirits, yea, a flow of spirits.
rinks.] It puts me in mind of an old song. [Sings.]
And brandy I'll drink, amen, till I die—amen, till
lie.” [Harry peeps in, and enters.]

Harry. Bravo, bravo! an excellent resolution, all that's strong—give us a drop of the liquor of life.
[Stave hides the bottle.]

Stave. Go, go, you gay sinner, how ye talk—fye, my son!

Harry. Come, won't you give us a little of your grog?

Stave. Grog! Oh mercy! oh dear, grog! O sinful man!—d'ye think I'd drink grog?

Harry. Oh no, I forgot, 'pshaw! "And brandy drink, amen, till I die—amen, till I die."

Stave. "I have got my neck into a noose, and the devil will certainly leave me to swing." *[Aside.]* I really don't know what ye mean.

Harry. Why now, wasn't you drinking brandy, sanctified old lubber?

Stave. Brandy! I drink brandy! Why, the man's mad.

Harry. Wasn't you singing—"Brandy I'll drink &c."

Stave. No, I was only practising my voice. I know I must keep my voice in order; if I didn't, I should stop in the middle of a stave, and set all the church in an uproar.

Harry. *[Taking bottle out of Stave's pocket.]* Well, now an't you—

Stave. An't I what?

Harry. A damned old hypocrite.

Stave. Ha! ha! ha! *[Without laughing.]* a good joke. Ha! ha!—a very good jest—ha!—no—now

on't, 'tis no joke neither—'tis an affront, and I
not to be in a passion—but I'll set an example of mo-
tion, and forbear fighting, as becomes my calling—
ye, Sir, do you know you called me a hypocrite?
erry. So you are.

ave. You say that?

erry. Yes!—

ave. Now I'll tell you what—

erry. Humph!

ave. I'll tell you what—you are—

erry. Yes!—

ave. You—you are—you're—a—sailor.

erry. Ha! ha! so I am, and I wouldn't change
ate to step into a *phoeaton* and four, shiver me.

ave. Oh I know—you're a loyal man, and have a
to respect.

erry. I have, and let me tell you, old one, that the
est subject of little England, when he feels his
warmed in the cause of his country, has as great
e to respect, as the richest man that ever set foot
fine carpet.

[Drinks.]

ave. And pray, after all, what's a sailor good for?

erry. Why, this he's good for—to help support
bulwarks of old British liberty, and when called
duty, to give a sound drubbing to the enemies of
country. And now, pray what is a Parish Clerk
for?

[Drinks.]

ave. There's an ignorant question! Why, they
n't do without me—'tis I that put the finishing
e to the Parson's work—I cry *amen* to a charity

sermon, when the old folks have done praying, and the young folks have done ogling—on a wooden stool of my own making I throw dust and ashes, and shall be happy to do on thee. ‘ You know I’m a great coffin-maker—I manufacture coffins that can’t be forced open, and advertise to the living that I furnish security for the dead ! but I find so few of the living that think about dying, that I get little or no custom for my genuinity.’—Oh, you couldn’t do without me.

Harry. No ! but I hope to do without thee a longer, and when I do cuddle myself up snug in the old leveller’s locker, I care not if a larger sort of shroud than thee say *amen* to my funeral sermon. [*Drinks.*]

Stave. Sir, Sir, don’t be angry, I always respected a sailor ; so, Sir, if you please, I’ll take my leave ; you see, Sir, I am a peaceable man, and a quiet—Ezekiah Stave is my name, in my nature pacific, prophetic, soporific, and sonoric. My callings are diverse. Any commands in my way, Sir ?

Harry. Not I.—Give us your hand, my old boy. Here’s a toast—a toast in my way—“ May the coward who tries to strike his Commander’s colours in an engagement without orders, have his hand shot off the endeavour.”—[*Drinks.* During this, *Stave* shrinks away, and hides in the closet.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. What, drinking again !—for shame, always tippling.—

Harry. Aye, my boy—when you grow older in

vice, you'll find, that we veterans can no more do without grog, than we can without fighting—stop our advance of grog, and you spoil all ; but bring a neat y-gun English frigate alongside of two Frenchmen the same size, then give us our grog, and damme, I'll sink one, and take t'other in tow—

Sally. Come, come, we must be gone—night is coming on—we shall scarce have time to reach old Joe's cottage even, before 'tis quite dark.

Harry. Why, where's the Clerk ? Did ye meet him ?
[Sally screams in the closet.] Oh ho ! are ye there, my heart of oak ? What, we've found you out, hey ?—[Pull them out.] Oh you licentious dog ! a girl and a glass of brandy—Egad, a feast fit for an Emperor !—Vanish, you unfortunate rascal, and never sin again, for I know you are always detected.

Stave. I scorn your words, sailor. Sally Shamrock, who's Sall Saunders, how camest thou here ?

Sally. Oh, upon my honour, and I only came to look after you—and how came you here ?

Stave. True, I forgot that—why—oh, upon my honour, I only came to look after you.

Harry. Vanish, man---you're no better than a beast ! you get drunk, you profane dog.

Stave. Come along, Sally, you and I will be made of flesh ; and as to that sailor fellow, to stop his impertinence, I hope there will be a tax upon tongues.

[Exeunt Stave and Sally.]

Fanny. A tax upon tongues! no, no, the *proper* liberty of speech is a right Englishmen will never suffer to be trenched upon—a tax upon tongues! why 'twould damp the ardour of our British tars, in hailing with three cheers the craggy cliffs of old England, on their return from victory!

SONG.—FANNY.

*Soon the loud cannons beginning to roar, Sir,
Fal de ral, &c.*

*Tho' all the deck run down with gore, Sir,
Tho' we might ne'er see England more, Sir,
Fal de ral, &c.*

*I never thought at all about the shore, Sir,
Fal de ral, &c.*

*But when the tempest loud swell'd o'er the main,
Fal de ral, &c.*

*I, wash'd with seas and drench'd with rain, Sir,
Soon swore no future hopes of gain, Sir,
Fal de ral, &c.*

*Should e'er draw me on the ocean again, Sir.
Fal de ral, &c.*

SCENE IV.

GOTO's Cottage. Enter SHARK and GOTO, bearing booty.

Goto. Be quick—deposit our booty. We have been chased—I saw some sailors follow us: if they come, they must not be refused admittance—bestir—bestir.

[Exit.

[Shark opens the trap door. A knocking without.

Harry. [Without.] Halloo! old Goto, within there! Shark draws a trunk to side wing, and leaves it there.]

Enter GOTO, with SELWYN, HARRY, and FANNY.

Selwyn. Friend Michael Goto—I'm glad to see you where is your daughter?

Fanny. Can ye give us a night's lodging, we are tired, and can go no farther.

Harry. Can ye give us a can of grog? we're tired, and can go no farther.

Goto. My friends, you are welcome; my door is ever open to a man in distress.

Shark. [Aside.] Yes, so is mine, if he eats nothing.

Selwyn. We saw you as we came along; what had you and your companion on your shoulders? I am unwilling to suspect the father of my Angelica; yet I do suspect—Friend Michael Goto, what had you on your shoulders?

Goto. Nothing, nothing—suspect me! I am a poor

'man, 'tis true; but I thank heaven, poverty does not always make a man dishonest.'

Harry. Come, come, give us some grog.

Goto. We will. Shark, come hither—I would speak with you.---[*Mysteriously.*] [*Exit Goto and Shark.*]

Fanny. Well, Master Selwyn, I'll step in, and say a word for Dick and Angelica. [*Exit Fanny.*]

Selwyn. There's something mysterious in his manner. Harry, my friend, we are unwelcome here; we will but see Angelica and begone.

Harry. That's more than I will; [*Lays down.*] I cast anchor—it must be a precious storm that drives me from my moorings. [*Falls gradually asleep.*]

Enter ANGELICA.

Angelica. Gracious Heaven! what can my father mean! I heard him talking wildly of robbery and plunder, and threatening vengeance—I heard him too of a sleeping potion—

Selwyn. My Angelica!

Angelica. Selwyn! [*Runs to him.*] Oh I am so glad to see you, and yet I don't know if I am not sorry to see you *here*—I wish you had not come to-night—fear some ill is brewing.

Selwyn. What ill? I fear none, now my Angelica thus once more safe in my arms.

Enter GOTO.

Goto. How's this?—hold—Angelica retire—get you in. [*Exit Angelica.*]

Enter SHARK, with bowl.

Shark. There swill your full. Here's grog enough
drown you. I'll fetch something to relish your
nk. *[Puts bowl on table, and exit.*

Goto. In it I have infused a sleeping potion, which
enable us to clear off the booty unobserved, and
search these sailors. *[Aside.]* Come, drink, my
nds: your messmate is asleep, let's rouse him.

Selwyn. Nay, pr'ythee, let him sleep; he is fatigued,
r heart, and drunk, moreover.

Goto. Drink, my boy, I'll be with you anon—Hal-
Shark! *[Exit.*

*ANGELICA runs in to SELWYN, and half whispers, at
the instant he puts the bowl to his lips.*

Angelica. Hold! Selwyn! Do not drink. *[Retires,
and returns with another bowl.]* Here, take this. Now
nk, and pretend to sleep—your life's in danger else.

[Changes bowls, and exit.

Selwyn. What can she mean? Now drink, and
tend to sleep!

Re-enter SHARK and GOTO.

Shark. Here's something to eat—drink about, and
I'll shew you to your bed.

Harry. *[In his sleep.]* Ho, there! messmate, take
re of that Shark, or damme he'll do for you.

Shark. What does that fellow say?

Selwyn. Give me the bowl—Here's a health to all

honest souls, and may the evil designs of our enemies be confounded.

Goto and Shark. Good, good, we'll pledge you that toast.

Shark. Come, drink some more, won't you? You are very welcome to it all; you are, upon my soul.

Selwyn. No, no more, I thank you.

Goto. See! see! it operates already—he'll be fast in a moment. Come hither, Shark, come hither.

[Exeunt. Selwyn pretends to follow.]

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. There's mischief on foot here, or I'm mistaken—I'll keep a look out under the table.

[Gets under the table.]

Re-enter MICHAEL GOTO and SHARK, with pistols which they lay on the table. SHARK then draws in a box from side wing.

Shark. Hist there! let us deposit this in safety.

[Lays it down the table.]

Goto. Now for it—go to him—I'll see what's here.

[Going to search Harry; Shark goes to Selwyn.]

Shark. We'll not hurt the fellows without we are forced to it.

Goto. Silence!

[They begin to search. Fanny jumps up, and snatches pistol from the table, and fires it; then holds another to the head of Goto. Selwyn collars Shark.]

Enter ANGELICA and DICK.

Angelica. Oh Heaven! what's the matter? Is any body hurt?

Dick. I hope father an't wounded.

Goto. We are lost.

Harry. [*Jumping up.*] Yeoho! there—up hampocks, down chests---what's here---an engagement---

Shark. [*Falling on his knees.*] Have mercy, Sir, if you please, on a poor unlucky dog.

Goto. Coward! do you deign to beg your life?

Shark. Yes, rather than lose it.

Selwyn. Wretches---yield to our crew the property you have found.

Goto. We have no property. Search the house.

Shark. Aye, search the house.

Goto. I defy you to find aught. Unhand me, I will not be detained.

Fanny. I believe I can point out where some of our property is hid.

[*Opening the trap.*]

Shark. Yes, yes, there it is---spare my life, and I'll confess all.

Harry. Damme, but I'll keep a good look out over the hatchway. [*Standing with a pistol over the trap.*]

Angelica. Here is a box of jewels I found upon the shore; 'tis yours—it must have come from the wreck.

Selwyn. Generous girl! but I must now confess I have no need of it. Your father rightly guessed, that I have saved my property; but here it may be well dispos'd---this brave boy has risk'd his life, to save

his shipmates---give *him* the jewels—[*of Fanny*]—
Angelica. [*Giving the casket to Fanny.*] This, the
 it seems, is your's---make what use of it you please,
Fanny. 'Pho! I don't want money, not I. Then
Harry, you may have it.

Harry. Not I, not I, it may go begging for me.
Fan has proved constant, and been here to share
 with me, I'd ha' jumped mast high to catch at it.

Fanny. And what would you say, if I should
 you that your own constant *Fanny* offers it?

Harry, Say! why, that you lied damnably—

Fanny. [*Taking off her hat.*] Look at me, and see
 you can find no traces.

Harry. What!—*Fanny*! you? my little messmate
my Fanny? Yes—no—yes it—it's—[*Falling on
 knees.*] Providence never forsakes a true hearted sailor.
 ha! ha! ha—I never was half so happy or so merry in
 life. [*Wiping his eyes.*] 'Tell ye what, *Fan*, we'll take
 long cruize for life together, and if we chance to light
 on another storm—'egad, we'll sink or swim together.

Fanny. And I'll boldly strike at any other shark that
 dares attempt to harm ye.

Shark. What the devil, have I been frightened
 most to death by a woman?

Enter STAVE and SALLY.

Stave. Ma'am, your humble servant—I take
 you're going to be married—if so, please to let me be
 Clerk at the Wedding. I take it, you'll soon have a
 little one—please to let me be Clerk at the Christening.

my]—
This, the
ou please,
I. Ther

u'll die one day, I take it—please to let me be
rk at the Funeral.

Angelica. I hope my dear father will abandon his
sent course of life, and live in future with his daugh-

for me.
to share
h at it.
should
?
ly—
e, and so

Selwyn. We have now wealth enough. I am sure
as necessity that drove him to it.

Goto. It was—it was—The cold gripe of necessity,
the yet colder ingratitude of friends, had made me
perate; but I do repent me—There is my daughter,
rry her, and she is your's.

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elling on
arted sail
erry in
we'll take
nce to lig
n togethe
shark th

Stave. Let me join your hands, good people—I'm
ng to be married myself, and here is Mrs Stave
R—we'll all be unhappy together.

FINALE.

CHORUS.

*Now the storms of life are over,
Anchor'd safe in peace at home.
Ev'ry true and faithful lover
Shall for ever cease to roam.*

DUETT.

ANGELICA and SELWYN.

*Fortune all our hopes befriending,
Now the angry storm is past,
All our cares and sorrows ending,
Since we thus are blest at last.*

CHORUS.

Now the storms, &c.

I take
o let me
oon have
nristening

HARRY and FANNY.

Now without care or fear of wind or weather,

Fal lal de ral,

Now free from ev'ry care and strife,

May we take the voyage of life,

Fal lal, &c.

Long may we live right happily together,

Fal de ral, &c.

STAVE and SALLY.

We will married be-to day,

We'll be happy all, and then

I shall sing, and you shall say,

When our hands are join'd—amen.

CHORUS.

Now without care or fear of wind or weather,

[Exeunt on



THE END.